

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION

The Fleet Genc to Roanoke Island.

A BATTLE PROBABLY ON WEDNESDAY.

MORE NORTH-EASTERLY GALES.

Progress in Getting Over the Swash

PATIENCE AND ENTHUSIASM OF THE TROOPS.

Safe Arrival of the Army Signal Corps.

DEPINEUIL ZOUAVES SENT BACK.

ARMY HORSES RUINED AT SEA.

THE STEAMER COSSACK ARMED.

Payment of Officers and Crews Deferred.

SHELL PRACTICE BY OUR GUNBOATS.

SALT-WATER CONDENSERS.

FORTRESS MONROE, Feb. 7.
Via BALTIMORE, Sunday, Feb. 9, 1862.

The steamer Eastern Star arrived here this morning, having left Hatteras yesterday.

She brings the important news that Gen. Burnside's fleet left their anchorage at the inlet on Wednesday morning for the north. The gumbots started at sunrise, and the troops and ships followed soon after. Their destination was Roanoke Island.

The weather was fine when the Eastern Star left, and news of the arrival of the fleet at the island was expected.

Three or four regiments were left at the inlet.

The Eastern Star will return to Hatteras to-morrow morning.

The names of the sick who died on the Sawnee are as follows:

James F. Haskell, Co. I, 22nd Massachusetts.
John Mack, Co. I, 11th Connecticut.
Wm. H. Loring, Co. C, 6th Connecticut.
Sam'l. Gilbert of New-Sharon, Vt., a seaman on board the Sawnee.

Chas' F. Cleveland, Co. K, 11th Connecticut.

All but the last were buried at sea.

Charles W. Boyington, Co. F, 20th Massachusetts, died of typhus fever.

Nothing had been heard at Norfolk of the Burnside expedition.

The Richmond Dispatch says that the Burnside Expedition will have, at least, the effect of making us look well to our defenses in that quarter. Roanoke Island ought to be made impregnable. All our batteries there and elsewhere should be provided with bomb-proof coverings. The channel should be obstructed, and no means left unemployed to tell the enemy.

From Our Special Correspondent.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 29, 1862.

I take up the thread of my narrative where it was dropped last Thursday. At that time, the captain's aneroid barometer was falling rapidly, and not very slowly—a sure premonition of a storm. The clouds gathered on the horizon at sunset in a menacing way, and the very movements of the sea-birds were enough to attract the attention of the best weather-wise. We were safely over the Swash, and lay at anchor in three fathoms water with a good holding ground, but we looked anxiously at the bad ledges in the inlet, and at those which were waiting on the Bulkhead to get over with the next flood tide. The steamer Guide had got about half way over by lightening herself of stores, coal, and extra water, but as night came on, we saw her flying for shelter down the river.

We all thought she had passed, but our anxieties were afterward relieved on learning that she was only in want of coal, and honest her signal so as to get a small supply to keep her fires lighted. The steamer South Wind, bound with coal, was towed over by the gunboat Lockwood, and dropped astern of the gunboat Stars and Stripes, which was in want of a supply. Friday morning broke with a strong gale blowing from the northeast, accompanied with rain-squalls, and as the hours crept on, the wind rose higher and higher until it almost blew a hurricane. It seemed as if Eolus, Boreas, and all the winds gods of mythology, had conspired to blow us bodily out of water. The sea rose with the gale, and smote under the guards of the Cossack with the force of battering-rams, and the surface of the water was ruffled with each puff of wind, like the pile of velvet rubbed the wrong way. We were out of water and almost out of provisions, and with a prospect of the storm lasting twenty-four or thirty-six hours, it became a matter of serious concern how the six or seven hundred men on board were to be fed. In the afternoon Mr. Buckley and the crew of the Captain's gig volunteered to go with a surf-boat after water to one of the gunboats nearby, and after hard rowing and much troublesome maneuvering, returned with a few barrels. Captain Bell's Company B, of the 5th Pennsylvania, got up a subscription among themselves and presented to Mr. Buckley a fine silver watch, and to each of the crew a gold quarter eagle for their obliging spirit. The testimonials were presented in due form, and proved a real surprise to the worthy recipients. The coal-schooner South Wind broke loose from her place astern of the Stars and Stripes, and as no effort was made even to pass her a bowyer by means of a boat, she drifted off and bilged on the shoals. From all accounts it seems as if her loss was entirely unnecessary, and a most reckless waste of public property. Toward night the gale abated, and the steamer Georgia Peabody was pointed for the channel and run around to await the next favoring flood. Commodore Goldsborough, whose flag steamboat Philadelphia had been lying idle in the inlet, got her over the Swash, and after visiting some of his gunboats in the Sound, returned down the channel to help off the Guide, which all this time was hard and fast on the shoals. It did little good, however, and we were not surprised to see the flag-boat come over to our commands.

The gale having fairly blown itself out, as some say, had now gone down, and Saturday was ushered in with warm air and gentle rain-showers. Our supplies of water being somewhat precarious and irregular, all hands set to work to catch the rivulets of rain that ran from the hurricane deck, and in the course of a couple of hours, several barrels were filled with a more palatable fluid than the tepid, sometimes nauseous stuff that is raved to us fresh from the salt-water condensers. But here let me remark, after a month's experience with condensers

water, that without the apparatus on board several of our vessels, we should have suffered severely for want of water, in this country of sand-barrens and parched soil. Condensed water, however, fresh and warm from the boiler, with its saponin, is quite different from the same water after it has had three days' exposure to the air, for it then has lost all unpleasant qualities, and becomes as pure and almost as palatable as spring-water. One of the U. S. gunboats, the Valley City, has an ingenious attachment of a coil of pipe to her steam-chest, by means of which she condenses all the steam and more than her ship's company can use. Condensers were ordered for all the steam vessels of the Coast Division, but the hurry of departure from New-York prevented their introduction.

It is proper that the public should understand one or two points before making up their opinion of the conduct of this expedition. In the first place, the published charts of Hatteras Inlet, the Bulkhead end, and the channel into Pamlico Sound, are not much more valuable than so much white paper. Allowing the soundings to be correctly laid down in some instances, no idea is conveyed of the set of the strong currents and the prevailing direction of the winds. Inside the tongue of land (say rather, sand) on which Fort Hatteras is situated, the current runs like a mill-race, and through the Pockets, or false channels, it sets at the rate of three knots. The prevailing winds are from the north-east—and when the wind is so great at Hatteras it means something more serious than in pleasure-boats.

"Where we are going is an evening's work."

The sandy bottom of the shoals is, of course, constantly shifting, and it is really true that no one is a safe "inside pilot" who does not reside here and take the soundings every few days. In planning this expedition, then, it is no fault of Burnside that his vessels have had so much trouble in encountering obstacles which the latest charts did not correctly point out. The Navy Department should have had the tortuous channel thoroughly buoyed out in advance of our coming, and if this delay proves fatal to our designs, the blame will lie at the doors of those who knew what should have been done, promised to do it, and utterly failed to keep their word. Again: Of eight tugs chartered at Annapolis at double price to come here, only one has made its appearance, and we have been suffering the loss of thousands of dollars, and time more precious than a mint of money, because they are not here. Gunboats of the navy that should have been kept sacred for their special uses, nave, of necessity, been detailed for this duty, and that it has in some cases been grudgingly performed, is undesirable. While much may be allowed for the wounded pride of naval officers who are for the time assigned to such ignoble duty, it has been the subject of wonder and regret among the regiments that a more cheerful absence should not have been shown in helping out of its desperate plight an expedition whose dangers and glories the Union Jack for a pilot, but none coming to them, they were caught in the terrible gale of the 23d inst., and driven so far off the coast that they only got back here yesterday. Their safety is the subject of general solicitude, for scarcely a regiment but has one or two lieutenants and three or four privates in the corps. Now that their perils are past, the party are in high spirits, and entertain visitors with narratives of adventure in all the places from Ujernvik to Bombay that they have visited since leaving Fortress Monroe. Lieut. Fricker, chief of the corps, has already received orders to distribute his fliers and men through the fleet, and establish communication by signals. Those who have heretofore had no opportunity to see the practice of the new system will be surprised at the speed and certainty with which conversation can be held as far as the waving flags can be seen through a glass.

Yesterday morning the small schooner—"

"China boats" they are called by the people here—was seen bearing down for us under a flag of truce. One of the gunboats met her and towed her down to the flag-ship. She proved to be loaded with cord-wood, and in the hands of five deserters from the rebel army. Their names are Tryal Stiles of New-Jersey, Peter McW. Davis, Beaufort County, N. C., Thomas Blasky of New-York, Lewis Lanigan of New-York, and Thomas Bulger (Irish) of New-York. Stiles has been in these waters about four years. Blasky and Lanigan are lads of 18 and 20, respectively, and Bulger has served five years in the 3d Artillery and five in the Marine corps. He was discharged from the Marines in April last, and went to Charleston to enlist with Major Anderson at Fort Sumter, but was taken prisoner, kept at Stone Island two months, escaped, and got as far North as North Carolina. Here he was arrested, and, choosing the lesser of two evils, enlisted, and has now escaped

place to repair damages.

The Spalding has been taken by Gen. Burnside at his staff-boat, and yesterday afternoon, after being lightened to less than eight feet, she was headed up the crooked channel. All was going well until she came to the elbow, at which point, in sheer off to pass the brig Dragon, which was lying on a nice sand bottom as singly as if it were a dry dock, she ran aground, as all who went that way before did, and is now working as desperately to free herself as the Cossack and her sister transports did under similar circumstances.

One of the horse transports, the schooner Marin Pike, came to port yesterday after a two-weeks passage from the Fortresses. The horses, poor brutes, might as well have been thrown overboard as brought here, for they are all seized with the "salt-water rot," and are become worthless. There is cause to apprehend that most of the fine staff horses on the transports will be spoilt before getting to land, for their legs are not bandaged, and very few, I fear, are hand-rubbed or washed with salt water or spirits. As to exercise, they can have none on a vessel where almost every foot of room is occupied with bunks, and the narrow passages are crowded with soldiers.

The Spalding has been taken by Gen. Burnside at his staff-boat, and yesterday afternoon, after being lightened to less than eight feet, she was headed up the crooked channel. All was going well until she came to the elbow, at which point, in sheer off to pass the brig Dragon, which was lying on a nice sand bottom as singly as if it were a dry dock, she ran aground, as all who went that way before did, and is now working as desperately to free herself as the Cossack and her sister transports did under similar circumstances.

One of the horse transports, the schooner Marin Pike, came to port yesterday after a two-weeks

passage from the Fortresses. The horses, poor brutes,

might as well have been thrown overboard as brought here, for they are all seized with the "salt-

water rot," and are become worthless. There is

cause to apprehend that most of the fine staff horses

on the transports will be spoilt before getting to

land, for their legs are not bandaged, and very few, I

fear, are hand-rubbed or washed with salt water or spirits.

As to exercise, they can have none on a vessel

where almost every foot of room is occupied with

bunks, and the narrow passages are crowded with

soldiers.

I cannot close this letter without some reference to the unfortunate condition in which the officers and crews of the Coast Division find themselves placed.

They shipped in New-York with an agreement that their wages should be paid them monthly, and that half-pay tickets should be issued to their families.

The officers have been in service two months, but up to this time have not received a cent of pay, and, naturally enough, are clamorous for the means of re-having the necessary necessities of their families.

All the shipping lists, vouchers, and checks are in the hands of Capt. Biggs, Division Quartermaster, who has not yet arrived at this place.

With every disposition on the part of Gen. Burnside and his officers to pay them off, it is impossible for them to do so until the books and papers come to hand.

The detention of Capt. Biggs is in this respect to be deeply regretted, for numerous cases of suffering caused thereby have come to my knowledge.

The poor fellows of Col. Howard's Marine Artillery are in a worse plight, for they have not received a penny for nearly three months; and their term of enlistment is so peculiar that it is hard to see when they will be released, unless they are regarded by Capt. Biggs as disengaged from the service.

Meanwhile the crew, not relishing the idea of going to sea in so tiny a craft, deserted in a body, and new hands had to be shipped.

Lieut. Flaggier, becoming impatient of delay, went on board the gunboat Commodore Perry, and at last got to sea, but not to the end of his troubles, for the Perry, after getting almost to Hatteras, was driven back by stress of weather to Cape Henry, and the Lieutenant in despair hauled a passing schooner and made a fresh start.

After beating along for ten days, now hugging the shore, and now driven far to sea, the schooner made

the mouth of the inlet, got a pilot, and was brought safely to anchor. The greatest anxiety has been felt

for the safety of the schooner Colonel Saenger and the whole Army Signal Corps, her passengers.

Rumors of such a vessel having been run ashore and

to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy, have prevailed, and a heavy load weighs on

Gen. Burnside's mind. The D'Epinne Souvenirs (odd N. Y. V.), who reached here in the bark John Trucks, have been ordered back to Fortress Monroe, to report to Gen. Wool, no doubt much to their disgust. A fine regiment has been substituted in their place, and our force will not be weakened.

Hitherto there has been no landing-stage or wharf at Fort Hatteras point, but the deficiency is at last supplied. An old bulk has been placed at a convenient place, and connected with the shore by a strong wagging, which answers the purpose intended tolerably well. There is water enough alongside the bulk to float vessels of nine or ten feet draught, but the current runs strong, and they cannot lie at it very long with safety. Two more large transports, the Eastern Queen and the New-York, have been placed in the channel in anticipation of the next high tide, so that we are getting over, little by little, what transportation we require for the troops. The Cossack is no longer an unarmed transport. Captain Bennett, with an eye to the business, if not of attack, of defense, has secured two of the splendid Wind rifled guns sunk in the wreck of the Zouave, and has them mounted on the main deck. The men are to be drilled daily by a Lieutenant of the Marine Artillery, and a full supply of ammunition has been procured. Some of the gunboats have been practicing with shell at an old scow that broke adrift in the gale, and grounded on a shoal a mile off. Without going into particular, it will suffice to say that the gunnery was creditable enough to warrant a belief that the forts or batteries to be attacked will suffer at our hands.

"What we are doing is an evening's work."

Although most of our largest transports are over the shoals, it will be long before the Louisiana can join them, for she has broken her steam connections, and lies high and dry near the anchorage. She is to be repaired and floated off, but it will be late when she is would make a capital hospital or store-ship, safer and better for either purpose than a house on shore anywhere.

Yesterday, we were all rejoiced at the safe arrival of the Satterly, with the Signal Corps on board, and the gunboats.

At 10 A.M. the gunboats

had

been

all

the

time

the

gunboats

had

been

all

the

time

the

gunboats

had

been

all

the

time

the

gunboats

had

been

all

the

time

the

gunboats

had

been

all

the

time

the

gunboats

had

been

all

the

time

the

gunboats